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THE COURIER



SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES

WINTER 1965

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THE COURIER



VOLUME V, NUMBER 1, WHOLE NUMBER 24, Winter 1965

The Philosophy of Book Collecting in a University Library

By J. TERRY BENDER

My text is from the wisdom of Solomon in the twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of *Ecclesiastes*:

And further, by these, my son be admonished: of making many books *there is* no end; and much study *is* a weariness of the flesh.

There is no energetic, good, Rare Book Librarian today who will not adopt this text as a maxim with a little extension to the effect that while "of making many books there is no end. . ." it is our business, as Librarians, to collect as many of them as possible in order that our worthy students and scholars may weary their flesh with much study since that is their function in life as it is that of the Librarian to amass the raw materials of scholarship, to organize them, to preserve them, protect them, and to *exploit* them to the fullest extent.

The word *exploit* encompasses the whole concept of the use of books. A book justifies its existence only when it is in use. That is its moment of triumph. That is the moment it fulfills itself. The time a book spends standing on the shelf is merely a waiting period for its moment of justification. It is the business, and it should also be the great joy, of a Librarian to ferret out the potential users of his materials from the community at large. He must strike out, and by every possible method attempt to bring his holdings to the attention of anyone and everyone who could possibly be interested, or who might profit by the use of the materials in his charge. This is an active doctrine and a positive approach which is necessary and right

to the middle years of the twentieth century as opposed to the more passive custodial philosophy of previous ages. The great present activity in all the arts and sciences demands equal energy in Librarianship, and most especially is this true in the fields of service connected with rare, scarce, and valuable books which by their nature are more abstruse and demanding than other kinds of material.

Rare Book Librarians are often regarded as a strange and exotic breed, neither entirely fish, nor fowl, nor good red herring, but perhaps a combination of all of these. I think that they are essentially vicarious collectors. I remember once hearing Milton Edward Lord, that able and distinguished director of the Boston Public Library, in a moment of impatience, say of the fraternity of Rare Book Librarians, "They have the arrogance to take unto themselves the distinction of their collections." There can be no doubt that this is an arrogance, but, I think, nearly all rare book people are guilty of it to one degree or another. It is just a part of life and human nature. I am well aware of the dangers implicit in identifying oneself exclusively with his collection and institution, but if such an image is guided and controlled, it can be a very beneficial, constructive, and indeed almost inevitable force for the good of all concerned.

In 1962 when Harvard University conferred an honorary degree on William A. Jackson, head of its Houghton Library, the citation referred to him as "Our Grand Acquisitor". There is no Rare Book Librarian who would not be happy and proud to wear such a title. Most of you will remember that it was Bill Jackson who gave the principal address here at Syracuse University in November 1961 at the re-dedication of the remodeled Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room. The words he spoke on that occasion have become celebrated for their profundity and clarity of statement. With his death, so much too early and so untimely on last October 19, a mountain is gone from the landscape of the world of books, and indeed our world was diminished. He was the most *complete* bookman and bibliographer I have ever known or expect to know. Jackson's imagination, painstaking care, and precise knowledge, along with those of Arthur Houghton and Philip Hofer, built the Houghton Library twenty-five years ago, and it is still today one of the finest university rare book buildings in this country. Under Jackson's guidance, its collections more than trebled. It has also been said of him that he introduced generations of Harvard University students not only to the precisions and demanding requirements of bibliography, but also to the fun and satisfactions of book collecting. Here we have another characteristic



"May we be soused in books—good books—"

Mr. J. Terry Bender addressing the luncheon meeting of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University Library Associates on 18 November 1964. Photograph by Mr. Frank Dudziak, Syracuse University Center for Instructional Communications, Photography Laboratory.

of a good Rare Book Librarian. He must be able to communicate to others his own pleasures in the materials he is handling. This is perhaps a process of teaching through exhilaration. Jackson did it magnificently; all good Librarians try to do it.

What does one mean when he refers to "rare books"? This question is subject to every conceivable answer and interpretation. In his 1961 address here at Syracuse University, Jackson said that a rare book is one "which either has been regarded for generations as an intrinsically important one, or which, if a little-known book, may be so regarded when its virtue has been recognized." The key words here are "intrinsically important" and "virtue"—the last used in the sense of "merit" or "quality". A book may be rare or important for virtually any reason as long as it has this basic "quality". In the case of such books, the demand or desire to possess them always exceeds the supply, rendering them nonexpendable in nature.

I sometimes tell students coming to the Arents Rare Book Room that our materials range from a Babylonian clay tablet of about 2,000 B.C. to manuscripts and proof sheets of books currently in the course of being published. Any and every conceivable rationale can make a book desirable and a suitable subject for the passionate activities of the collecting Librarian, such as the first appearance in print of the work of any notable author, the work of a fine illustrator or of an expert binder, a book to which a typographer or printer has given beauty through the careful exercise of his skill, and the typical typographical productions of any period or area. When one has a wedding of two or more of these qualities in a single work, then indeed does he have a most worthy book. This is true of a volume just recently acquired for the Syracuse University collections: the fine Grabhorn Press printing of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, with illustrations by Valenti Angelo in a binding designed and executed by Mr. Brian Maggs of London. Mr. Maggs is the youngest member of a very old and distinguished English book family and is well on his way to becoming one of the most outstanding creative binders of Great Britain. His binding on this copy of Stephen Crane's masterpiece is a serious attempt at visual interpretation of the work which also synthesises the typographical and illustrative treatment of the book. The same qualities are also present in the great French edition of Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, translated by Louis Fabulet and Robert D'Humières with 130 woodcuts by François-Louis Schmied after drawings by Paul Jouve, in a binding designed by Marius Michel, one of the fathers of the modern school of French book binding.

The next natural question that occurs is why should we collect rare books? What do they do for us in the context of a university library? What we at Syracuse University are attempting to do is to collect necessary and desirable source materials which will enable the scholar and student to come as close as possible to the origins of literary and artistic works and to gather the basic research materials for historical study in the various fields of endeavor which the University's programs encompass. It has been said that if one blindfolds a graduate student and turns him loose in a room full of rare books, the first one he takes from a shelf will have at least one thesis topic which he could use profitably. This is a kind of service which the Syracuse University Library must be able to perform.

At the same time, any institution which calls itself a university must behave accordingly and be prepared to gather in as many of the cultural landmarks of our civilization as come within its scope. One must try assiduously for as many of these as possible and yet keep a balance in the acquisitions between the great show pieces and the straight research materials required by the scholar, such as French Revolutionary pamphlets, the *Gentleman's Magazine* from its first issue in 1731, the *Transactions of the Royal Society* from its founding by Charles II in 1665. All of these we have in the Arents Rare Book Room, but we need yet more of this kind of material.

The collecting of great landmark books is not merely a matter of institutional vanity, though prestigious they are, and every library which hopes to call itself great must own some of these. In a sense, libraries and Librarians are trustees for posterity. These great books—such as Shakespeare's folios, Milton's *Poems* of 1645, the Aldine edition of Aristotle's works, 1495-98—the Syracuse University Library has been acquiring recently, and they are now part of the educational equipment of this institution which, we hope, is changing and expanding the minds of men and developing them into what they will be in the second half of the twentieth century.

This very question of the propriety of an institutional library spending its monies on the acquisition of this kind of exhibition material has been raised recently in regard to the Newberry Library's purchase of the Louis Silver Collection for \$2,750,000. This is the largest sum of money ever paid to this date for a single collection of books. It was not a large collection; in fact, it numbered only 827 books and manuscripts. Mr. John Hayward, the editor of the English periodical, *The Book Collector*, has objected. He asks the question, "What . . . does the Newberry Library want with such conventional,

albeit prestigious, books, and what useful part can they be made to play in the advancement of knowledge to which it is dedicated?" Mr. Herman W. Liebert, Librarian of the new and magnificent Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University has answered Mr. Hayward's question with the following two statements:

"Let us not be afraid to affirm that there should be a humanistic elite whose tools are such things as rare books, manuscripts, scholarly and imaginative books of all kinds, that these tools have an importance out of all proportion to the relatively small number of their users.

"They can be exhibited, and provide inspirational value like great works of art—and over 800 of them cost about as much as a single Rembrandt, or a couple of Raphaels, or three or four Impressionists. They convey the important truth that civilizations are ultimately judged by the surviving products of their artists and their writers. . . ."

My own position is completely with that of my friend Mr. Liebert. These great books are more than museum pieces in a university library. They can be made to work as visual aids in undergraduate teaching; they can be exhibited to the university community as a whole; and they may be used by graduate students who are the young researchers in the process of learning the techniques and being trained in the use of source materials, as well as by the more mature and developed scholar.

The next questions to be asked are what should we at Syracuse University collect and how do we determine this. This is a problem to be approached by first looking at what we have and correspondingly at what we do not have. The basic maxim of building to strength should certainly be observed. We have considerable strength in Renaissance historical materials. This was acquired in good part with the very early acquisition of the Leopold von Ranke Library. We have acquired a beginning in the history of science with the Muckenhaupt Collection. Our early geographical materials—atlases and maps—are extremely good. Our American and English nineteenth century literature, already strong, has been increased many-fold and has been made a major concern of the library with the recent gift of the Mayfield Collection. We must remember that in assuming the ownership of important materials, we also assume the responsibility of fostering and nurturing these collections. This is the principle of building

collections in such a way that their sum is equal to more than the total of the parts.

Such a principle leads directly into another major maxim of modern Rare Book Librarians—the collecting of collections. The one thing which a collector gives to his books is the discerning and discriminating bringing together of related materials in such a way that they tell a complete story. What a collector gives to his books, only a permanent institution can preserve. With the acquisition of a collection, one is acquiring the time, intelligence, care, and activity which have been lavished on its building. These things are certainly true of The Mayfield Collection, our most recent large gift, the von Ranke Library which was the earliest great book gift to this University, and many of the interim acquisitions. I know that the same perspicacity will be evident in our policy for the future, and I shall dedicate myself to its perpetuation.

As a Rare Book Librarian, I think that the best summation I can give for these very personal and perhaps somewhat random impressions of mine might well be that cry from the heart found in the journals of T. J. Cobden-Sanderson: “Sweet God, souse me in literature.” So I should say: May we be soused in books—good books—meaningful to our collections and our purposes and selected with discernment, discrimination, and thought.

Note: This address was delivered by Mr. J. Terry Bender, Rare Book Librarian of Syracuse University, at the luncheon meeting of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University Library Associates on 18 November 1964.

Norman H. Strouse and the Passionate Pirate



The Passionate Pirate by Norman H. Strouse is the first book to be written on the life and publishing career of Thomas Bird Mosher of Portland, Maine (1852-1923).

Mosher's first book, George Meredith's *Modern Love*, was issued in 1891, the same year William Morris's Kelmscott Press outside London issued its first book. Both men were attempting to raise the level of printing and publishing through carefully selected texts presented in beautiful format. Hand set type, special made paper, graceful margins, elegant bindings, and meticulous craftsmanship were the demanding specifications of these two dedicated men.

Mosher is not well known among the newer collectors of fine printing, but the 444 volumes he produced between 1891 and 1923, and his splendid work and remarkable versatility, won him the praise and personal friendship of writers, artists, and collectors all over the world. Bruce Rogers, who designed for Mosher as early as 1895, termed him "The Aldus of the XIX Century". Mosher was an early friend and advisor to Robert Frost. Mitchell Kennerly wrote in 1923, "He was the most creative publisher we have had in America, and pure literature owes more to him than to all other publishers."

The Passionate Pirate follows Mosher's career in human terms, yet presents clearly for the first time the basic pattern of his publishing objectives. Mr. Strouse's book includes a complete check list of Mosher titles by series and dates. It is an indispensable reference tool for booksellers, librarians, and collectors of the art and history of the book.

Mr. Strouse has studied, collected, and lectured on Thomas Bird Mosher for thirty-five years. Although he heads the world's largest advertising agency (J. Walter Thompson Co., New York City), he is a noted bibliophile, an active member of the Grolier, Roxburghe, and Rowfant Clubs, a Fellow of the Pierpont Morgan Library, and owner and operator of the hand press known as the Silverado Press. He is a devoted supporter of library work, as Chairman of the National Book Committee, a Trustee of the New York Public Library, a member of the Council of the Friends of the Columbia Libraries, and a member of Syracuse University Library Associates. His previous books on collecting: *How to Build a Poor Man's Morgan Library* and *The Lengthened Shadow* won an immediate and appreciative audience and are now out of print.

The Passionate Pirate was printed on dampened hand made "Mosher" all rag paper, made at the Bird & Bull Press of North Hills, Pennsylvania, presided over by its owner, the enterprising typographical craftsman and paper expert, Mr. Henry Morris, who is also responsible for the beautiful composition and printing in Janson, Centaur, and Arrighi types. This book of ninety-one pages, six line illustrations and one woodcut, was hand sewn on tape and quarter-bound in russet Nigerian goatskin, with special patterned paper sides. The edition was limited to 200 copies.

Note: The illustration accompanying this article shows one of the three pages of a hitherto unpublished letter by Mosher to an unnamed prospective customer, dated Portland, Maine, 30 May 1902. The entire letter reads as follows:

note to the trade are or her
ship enclosed. If you can
use \$100 or more of my
net list in a single order
I can give 25% & prepaid
freight. The cash discount is 2%
with order.

The editions I have issued of
Swainburne are not his
complete works - now should
I ever think of issuing him
complete. For the past ten years
or more he has produced
some very poor stuff, and
it is no part of my plan
to reprint rubbish even
by Swainburne!

Part of a letter by Thomas Bird Mosher

The publisher of beautiful books came to be known as The Passionate
Pirate and The Aldus of the XIX Century.

My dear sir:

I enclose list with an order form—the latter showing some books o.p. [out of print]—in the Japan vellum editions.

I regret I cannot offer you a single copy of *Songs of Adieu* [*A Little Book of "Finale & Farewell"*, the first in the Bibelot Series, issued in 1893] at any price. I should be very glad to buy copies myself, as also of any of the first six in the Bibelot Series, especially Japan vellum copies.

In regard to discount my best *rates to the trade* are on the slip enclosed. If you can use \$100 or more of my *net list* in a single order I can give 25% & prepay frt [freight]. The cash dist [discount] is 2% with order.

The editions I have issued of Swinburne *are not* his complete works—nor should I ever think of issuing him complete. For the past ten years or more he has produced some very poor stuff, and it is no part of my plan to reprint rubbish even by Swinburne! The things I *have* printed are some of his best and rarest—and no other editions compare with mine for bookmaking.

I can only supply the quarto "Laus Veneris" [by Swinburne] in *sets* which will this fall include 2 more volumes, perhaps 3. But of this I cannot at present give the details.

I hope you will be able to send in a good order. My books are now being collected by some of the wealthiest people here and abroad—specially my Japan vellum issues.

Yours very truly

T B Mosher

The original of this letter is in the private collection of the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books of Syracuse University.

Byron the Poet



There are many biographies of George Gordon Noel, Sixth Lord Byron (1788-1824), and several excellent studies of aspects of his poetical and dramatic works; but, by comparison with other major poets, astonishingly few general studies of his work have appeared.

A few weeks ago Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London publisher, issued

Byron the Poet by M. K. Joseph which, in its combination of broad scope with detailed critical analyses, goes further than any other study that has yet appeared in English.

This work deals comprehensively with Byron's major poems, tracing in them a progressive development in both form and substance. These two lines of development are sometimes confused or separated, but unite finally in the masterpiece of *Don Juan*. Here, at last, Byron was able to satisfy and reconcile the two sides of his nature, on one side a romantic man of action who believed in the passions of the heart, on the other an Augustan moralist who admired the artistry of Alexander Pope and the gravity of Samuel Johnson.

Almost from the beginning, Byron was trying to reconcile in his work these two master-impulses, one of involvement, the other of detachment; and at the same time to embody them in a form which should have the flexibility and worldly wisdom of his letters. Both in the early *Childe Harold* and in the *Tales*, Byron blurred over what might have become an early success in this. Instead he produced a series of immensely popular poems, in which the fashionable oriental settings were revived by his real knowledge and care for detail. But in the *Tales* he became trapped in his own legend, and produced heroes of Gothic gloom and mystery which, despite his protests, the reading public insisted on identifying with himself.

In the later *Childe Harold*, written under the formative influence of his return to post-Napoleonic Europe after the collapse of his marriage, Byron worked his way through a brief period of Wordsworthian optimism, and reached a more characteristic mood in the description of Rome. Like Edward Gibbon, he saw the city steeped in its past, and identified himself with it: "a ruin amidst ruins". But while his readers, misreading his writings, saw him as a sombre outcast or wanderer, his minor satires, which gave the other side of him, remained neglected or unpublished.

Byron's attempt to create a "mental theatre", based on Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Vittorio Alfieri, and others, is also dealt with in the earlier section of Professor Joseph's book, though chronologically it belongs in the middle of the *Don Juan* period. Here, a central place is given to *Cain*, which embodies much of Byron's theology. In violent reaction against his Calvinist upbringing, he became a lifelong deist and based his personal religious myth on the catastrophism of Georges Cuvier—in which the world, destroyed and reborn after a series of natural catastrophes, underwent not one Fall of Man but several.

But it was the life of Venice and his discovery in 1817 of the

Italian romantic epic that finally liberated Byron's genius. The serio-comic narrative in *ottava rima*, with its strongly characterised narrator and frequent digressions, gave Byron two brief masterpieces in *Beppo* and *The Vision of Judgment*. It attained its full development in *Don Juan*, one of the major poems of the English language, and this is the subject of the second and longer section of Professor Joseph's book.

The poem *Don Juan* is treated as a large-scale experiment in form which, after a slow beginning, Byron came to exploit with speed and dazzling versatility. He set out to revitalise the Don Juan legend by recasting it entirely; the narrative, drawing on his extensive knowledge of men, women, and books, was firmly set in the world of 1790. Blending the traditions of the Italian epic and of the picaresque novel, Byron described a world of battles and bedrooms, adventure and intrigue, in which young Juan remains a kind of innocent, matured but still unmarked by life.

The master-device of *Don Juan* was Byron's own presence in it as showman-narrator, with complete liberty to intrude on the tale whenever he wished. Professor Joseph analyzes in detail the repertory of devices by which this effect of conversational freedom is maintained, and shows how Byron exploited both the range and vitality of his characters and his brilliantly evocative descriptions. In this way Byron is able to draw his reader into a narrative rich in comic and tragic incident, and at the same time reminds one continually that this is a work of art, from which the artist stands aside to comment and moralize.

Byron's moral outlook was conveyed in a remarkable series of images which bring together the Fall of Man, the picture of a world periodically devastated, and the creative and destructive power of ocean. He saw man as "an unlucky rascal", yet believed in his destiny. In treating the two epic themes of love and war—two great powers, one creative, the other destructive—Byron derived his values from the "majestic and confident virtue" of the Augustans. Like them, Byron was sturdily opposed to all forms of cant, whether it took the shape of political extremism, literary dogma, or moral hypocrisy. Instead, he remained true to a code of practical virtue, which in the end led him to accept cool-headedly the last journey to Greece. Byron's special irony, his "sympathetic detachment", his dandyism—in a particular sense of the word—are finally seen as the attempt of a courageous, sensible and greatly gifted man to come to terms with a world very like that of his fellowman. Byron, sometimes carelessly and ignorantly

neglected and often patronized, is very much a poet of the modern time.

M. K. Joseph is a native of New Zealand, a graduate of Oxford University, Professor of English at the University of Auckland, and a well-known poet, and the author of two popular novels, *I'll Soldier No More* and *A Pound of Saffron*. *Byron the Poet* is his first volume of critical biography and non-fiction analysis.



A Byron Letter

The early part of the year 1812 was a very busy and important time for George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, the poet. In March the publication of his romaunt *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* took the English literary world by storm—its effect was instant and electric—and he indeed awoke one morning to find himself famous.

Just twenty-four years of age, Byron had London Society at his feet, and was much in demand as an object of curiosity and interest in all the elite and exclusive drawing-rooms of the capital city. He was the acknowledged lion of the season; women on all sides were throwing their heads—and hearts—at him; he became embroiled with that fascinating sprite, Lady Caroline Lamb, and he met the heiress, Annabella Milbanke, he was to marry later on. During the first five months he was ever on the go, never idle or unengaged, morning, noon, and night, always enjoying and relishing right up to the hilt the popularity which had come to him by his poetry and his personality.

A consequence of this fast period was that Byron wrote comparatively few letters because of his preoccupation with other matters: in "the bustle of buzzing parties", his correspondence was sparse and limited; and very seldom nowadays does a letter of the time—published or unpublished—appear in an auction catalog or an autograph dealer's list of offerings. One did turn up though not long ago—a hitherto unpublished letter in the handwriting of the great poet—and a member of Syracuse University Library Associates was the successful bidder and had the pleasure of adding it to his collection.

The letter does not show *where* it was written, but from other sources the simple date "May 20th. 1812" places Byron in London where he had living quarters at No. 8, St. James's Street, so it may then reasonably be presumed that it was written at that address.

(There is of record one other letter Byron wrote on the same

C
may go to work
Sir 200 124
You have my consent
to insert any part of the
Notes or Appendix or thematic
extracts which may tend
to advance the objects of
pursuit in your work.
I am yr obed. st
Byron
If you have his Childe Harold,
pray mark what can be inserted
in Journal - if not, I will send
you a copy -

A Byron Letter

This letter refers to the poet's great work Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
To whom was it addressed?

date, the one to Thomas Moore in which he refers to having witnessed a public hanging outside Newgate Gaol two days previously: "On Monday, after sitting up all night, I saw Bellingham launched into eternity . . ." See: *The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals*, edited by Rowland E. Prothero, Vol. 2, p. 122, London: John Murray, 1903, Second Impression.)

Written on paper which shows part of a watermark: *John / 18 /*, this letter reads as follows:

May 20th. 1812

Sir

You have my consent to insert any part of the *Notes* or *Appendix* or *Romaic extracts* which may tend to advance the objects of pursuit in your work.

I am yr. obedt. svt.

Byron

Below this, in another handwriting, appears the following unsigned note:

If you have his Childe Harold, pray mark what can be inserted in *Journal*—if not, I will find you a copy—

What happened here? A fair guess would be that an editor of some kind of publication whose title ended with *Journal* (such as *The Saturday Journal*, *The London Journal*, *The Literary Journal*, etc.) wrote the poet and asked permission to quote certain passages from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. That permission being granted by Byron in this letter, the editor then sent it to one of his staff or reviewers with the note at the bottom.

All efforts have so far produced no positive results in identifying the editor-addressee of this letter, nor has it been possible to nail down the London or English publication in which there appeared a review of or an article about *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* which probably was published in June or July 1812.

Any sherlockholmesian help along this line from any readers of *The Courier* would be appreciated.

The very facts that this letter was written at the time it is dated and that it refers, even though slightly, to the work which skyrocketed the poet to the pinnacle of fame overnight makes this an important Byron letter, and its interest and significance would be greatly increased if the addressee and the publication could be identified.

Come on, you armchair literary detectives, what are the answers?

(Editor's Note: The member of Syracuse University Library Associates who owns this Byron item has promised the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books that someday he will give the letter to Syracuse University Library.)

J. Frank Dobie: Way Out in the Fore



The year 1964 will long be marked in the broadest black as the time during which this country lost many of those widely known, highly respected, honored, and beloved citizens of whom it had come to be so justly proud to claim as its own and to present to the world as perfect models in the fields of their respective endeavors and excellent accomplishments.

In the past twelve months period the losses have been greatly mourned throughout the nation, and by each person who enjoyed a close friendship there will be a bottomless sorrow which shall continue to throb in the heart so long as the bereaved shall exist on this side of the boundary line of life.

Way out in the fore, among those ever-to-be revered Americans, the kind never again to be seen, is that great magic word-weaver and natural philosopher named James Frank Dobie, better known as J. Frank Dobie, and sometimes to some people as Colonel J. Frank, Pancho Dobie, or Mr. Southwest. The last referred to that part of this country in which he was born, where he lived and thrived and where he roamed and wrote the stories he dug from the earth and fashioned into books which have been read and relished wherever good Literature is appreciated.

Dobie's life was full-length, active constantly, and productive altruistically all the way. A rugged rebellious maverick from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, he was sometimes controversial, but he always won out in the long run, and those who opposed him were lost in the high weeds and soon forgotten.

Descended from good, solid American stock, J. Frank Dobie was born into the family of Richard Jonathan and Ella Byler Dobie on a ranch in Live Oak County, Texas, back in September 1888. He had the usual schooling, graduated from a couple of universities, took up the teaching profession, served on the faculties of various colleges here and in England, and wrote a lot of books, the very best of their kind. He used to say that the greatest achievement of his life was marrying



↑
 He looks like mighty displeased over
 something. It was not over a
 visit from his friend
 John Mayfield—
 Frank Dobie

Austin, Tex

January 1962

J. Frank Dobie and a Friend

Sitting along the bank of Waller Creek, Texas, back in 1962. Dobie drew the arrow pointing to himself and wrote the note: "He looks mighty displeased over something. It was not over a visit from his friend John Mayfield—Frank Dobie, Austin, Texas, January 1962." Picture taken by Mrs. Edith S. Mayfield in the shank of a very lovely afternoon.

Bertha McKee in 1916, the unusually accomplished and talented young lady of quiet loveliness he had met in college and who helped him and the advancement of his career in a thousand and one different ways. She was by his side when he died in his sleep at his home along Waller Creek in Austin, Texas, on 18 September last, just a few days before he would have become seventy-six years of age.

One of the most appropriate compliments to Dobie came last July when Ronnie Dugger, editor of *The Texas Observer* (504 West 24 Street, Austin, Texas), devoted the entire thirty-two page issue to him in an array of splendid articles, tributes, reminiscences, and such by about twenty people who had known him and been associated with him over the years in various capacities. This number of *The Texas Observer*, enhanced by the best photographs Russell Lee ever produced, will undoubtedly become, if it has not already done so, a bit of Dobieana highly prized by biographers, collectors, librarians, and others interested in one of the finest men in modern American times.

J. Frank Dobie will live forever in the Literature he created and left behind him, and in the hearts of those he left behind who knew him and loved him, he will there be remembered and revered until they too pass into that great boundless bourne from which there is no return.

How Much is this Worth?



Within the past ten-fifteen years the values of all kinds of books and manuscripts have gone sky-high; yet many collections, large, medium, and small, are presently maintained at outdated appraisal levels, and some have not ever been treated to any evaluation at any time for any purpose. To the owner—whether an individual or university library—this is expensive carelessness, and should be tolerated no longer under any circumstances.

Mr. Robert F. Metzdorf, one of the most knowledgeable and reputable experts in the world today concerning books and manuscripts, and a member of Syracuse University Library Associates, has set out to attempt to rectify this situation in this greatly neglected field. He has established an appraisal service at 404 East 66 Street, New York City 10021, and is prepared to help the large or small owner or donor of literary properties which should be evaluated. His

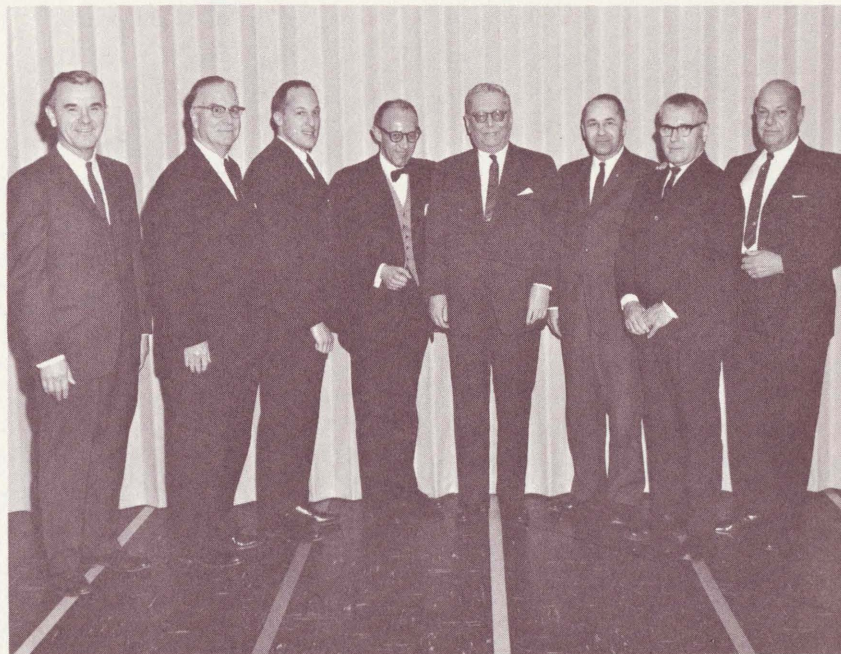
word is accepted any place where the values of books and manuscripts are concerned.

Mr. Metzdorf's new and unique service is designed for insurance, estate, and gift situations. When loss occurs to a collection, whether insured or not, appraisals are required which can be proved by the soundest methods. For the settlement of estates, executors require appraisals at levels which can be substantiated. When gifts, whether to Syracuse University Library or to individuals, are contemplated, an appraisal at fair market value is mandatory under present tax regulations. Part I, Section 170, 26 CFR 1.170, T.D. 6605 (27 F.R. 8093), Title 26, Chapter I, Subchapter A, Part I, as amended by Section 1.170-1, (c), (1), U.S. Internal Revenue Bulletin No. 1962-40, October 1, 1962, Washington, D. C., p. 10, lines 22-25, defines "fair market value" as "the price at which the property would change hands between a willing buyer and a willing seller, neither being under any compulsion to buy or sell and both having reasonable knowledge of relevant facts", and this is what Mr. Metzdorf knows all about.

All of these situations require an informed, professional, and businesslike consideration. In the United States there has previously been no such full-time service available, which provided these three requirements in the book and manuscript fields. The fact that appraisals can now be made objectively with no commitments to any one, and that no items will be purchased by the appraiser, is a new and apparently unique feature of Mr. Metzdorf's most worthy enterprise. Although the service will concentrate on literary properties, it is not limited to that area solely, and information on the evaluation and dispersal of property in allied fields is readily available upon application.

Mr. Metzdorf's is a personal and professional service, and all inquiries will be treated with the strictest of confidence. If your Theodore Roosevelt letter turns out to be a clever facsimile, or if you have a letter bearing the signature of the late President John F. Kennedy, actually penned by one of the thirteen members of the White House staff authorized to simulate his handwriting on letters, photographs, and in books, Mr. Metzdorf will not hesitate to tell you the truth, but he won't say anything to your friends to whom you have been bragging and boasting.

(Note: Syracuse University Library is loaded with experts in the fields of books and manuscripts, but the small centralized federal government in Washington does not altogether look with favor on appraisals made by agents or staff members of the beneficiary of gifts.)



Ogdoad of Trustees and Bookmen

Some of those attending the luncheon of Syracuse University Library Associates on 18 November 1964 are pictured above. Reader's left to right: Frank P. Piskor, William Pearson Tolley, Chester Soling, J. Terry Bender, John M. Crawford, Jr., David A. Fraser, Donald O. Reichert, and John S. Mayfield. Photograph by Frank Dudziak.



In that devastating and unimpeachable indictment entitled *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets*, by John Carter and Graham Pollard (London and New York, 1934), which brought about the ruination of Thomas James Wise (English bibliophile, bibliographer, and biblioforger, 1859-1937), the authors included, as Appendix I, a "Census of Copies of The Reading *Sonnets*", the privately printed forty-seven-page octavo booklet of verse by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (dated 1847, but actually produced more than thirty years later), which had sold for as much as \$1250 a copy.

Carter and Pollard listed thirty-six known copies. The first one was described as then belonging to:

C. C. Auchincloss. New York.

Red levant, g.t. uncut, by Rivière.

W. T. Wallace copy (with bookplate); afterwards

Carl Pforzheimer.

For the record, this copy is now in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room of Syracuse University Library, the gift of the late George Arents. On the inside front cover is the armorial bookplate of Walter Thomas Wallace; on the inside back cover is the bookplate of Charles C. Auchincloss; and on the front free endpaper is the oval leather bookplate of George Arents. There is no evidence here of the ownership of Carl Pforzheimer. The book is beautifully bound, and is in excellent condition.

This little edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets*, with its false date of printing detected, was the star piece responsible for the beginning of the crashing downfall of one of the world's greatest book collectors, and a copy of it is a most valuable curiosity in any collection of rare books. Even as a known forgery, copies are sought after and command unusually high prices when they do come on the market.

In the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room on the third floor of the Main Library, one may see and examine not only this Wallace-Pforzheimer (?) -Auchincloss-Syracuse University copy of E.B.B.'s *Sonnets*, but also quite a number of Wise's other fraudulent fabrications and privately printed pamphlets. They are all interesting, rare, valuable, famous, and/or infamous.

SONNETS.

BY

E. B. B.

READING :

[NOT FOR PUBLICATION.]

1847.

The Reading Sonnets.

Though dated 1847, this booklet of verses by Elizabeth Barrett Browning was actually produced more than thirty years later. From the copy in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room of Syracuse University.



The authorized American publisher of the writings of William Morris, the great English author, editor, designer, decorator, reformer, craftsman, artisan, Gothic revivalist, member of the "Fleshly School" of poets, disciple of Beauty for Beauty's sake, founder of the Kelmscott Press, small-time politician, street haranguer, and rabble rouser, was the highly reputable house of Roberts Brothers of 229 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. During Morris's lifetime (1834-96), this firm issued such works by Morris as *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems* (now recognized as one of the pearls of Victorian poetry); *The Earthly Paradise*; *Love is Enough* (structurally the most elaborate of Morris's poems); *The Lovers of Gudrun* (now a very rare item for book collectors); *The Aeneids of Virgil*; *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs*; *The House of the Wolfings*; and others, beginning with *The Life and Death of Jason*, back in 1867.

Morris became well known in the United States, thanks somewhat to the efforts of Roberts Brothers, who were unusually good to their authors, and Morris's works found a ready and steady audience of appreciative readers and admirers.

In 1876 Roberts Brothers issued *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs*, Morris's remarkable achievement of weaving together into a harmonious poetical whole the various fragments of the Volsunga Saga, an Icelandic epic, probably of Norwegian origin, which follows a variant form of the Nibelungenlied legend. This was really the central work of Morris's poetical life, his last long and important poem, and in it sustained poetical inspiration culminated, and terminated. It was the production he held most highly and by which he wished to be remembered. It has been said that all of Morris's Icelandic study and travel led up to the accomplishment of this work, and his satisfaction with it was perfect and did not waver or alter in a single detail from the time he first saw it in printed form.

An excellent example of Morris's contentedness with *Sigurd the Volsung* as it originally appeared came in early 1879 when Roberts Brothers decided to meet the American demand for additional copies by issuing a second edition of the work. Someone in the Boston office (probably Thomas Niles, director of the business) evidently thought the new edition might be enhanced by having an added introduction or preface by the author, and so wrote Morris to that effect. His un-

26, Queen Square,

Bloomsbury, London,

March 4th 1879

Dear Sir

Thanks for Your note.
I should be happy to write a
preface if I thought it would
improve the book, but on the
contrary I think it would rather
flatten the whole thing: You
have always Mr Magnusson's &
my translation of the ^{Telandic} originals
to ~~refer~~ refer to; & the German
Nibelungen Noth is well known

William Morris writes his American Publisher

First page of a letter to Roberts Brothers of Boston about a new
edition of one of his books.

equivocal reply was written in a letter dated 4 March 1879, the original of which, in Morris's handwriting, was recently acquired by a member of Syracuse University Library Associates. The letter reads as follows:

26, Queen Square,
Bloomsbury, London,
March 4th 1879

Dear Sirs

Thanks for your note. I should be happy to write a preface if I thought it would improve the book, but on the contrary I think it would rather *flatten* the whole thing: you have always Mr. Magnusson's & my translation of the Icelandic originals [*The Story of the Volsungs & Niblungs*, translated from the Icelandic, by Eiríkr Magnusson and William Morris, London, F. S. Ellis, 1870] to refer to; & the German Nibelungen Noth is well known & has been translated more than once. Of course I should be glad to correct any mistakes that could be pointed out to me: I do not *remember* any at present.

I am
Dear Sirs
Yours truly
William Morris

Messrs. Roberts Brothers

There was no explaining to be done in a preface, no apologies to be offered, nothing to be added, and William Morris was not right ready to *flatten* his brain child of which he was so justly proud; nor were there any mistakes which could be pointed out to him. That was that. Roberts Brothers then went ahead and published in 1879 the second Boston edition of *Sigurd the Volsung* just the way the author wanted it to be; and more readers of North America were able to have the wild and furious poetry of the wonderful old legends sung to them with such understanding of their nobility, heroic vigor, movement, and vitality.

(Editor's Note: The member of Syracuse University Library Associates who owns this Morris item has promised the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books that someday he will give the letter to Syracuse University Library.)



Sydney Carlyle Cockerell

A biography for which many people have been waiting eagerly has just recently been published: *Cockerell*, by Wilfrid Blunt. (Publisher: Hamish Hamilton Ltd., 90 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1, England.)

Sir Sydney Carlyle Cockerell, who died in 1962 in his ninety-fifth year, was among the last to survive of those who had been closely associated with John Ruskin, William Morris, and other of the great literary and artistic figures of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The son of a coal merchant, Cockerell himself worked for six years in the family firm before he finally broke away and found employment, first as librarian to William Morris and in due course as secretary of the great Kelmscott Press. He soon learned to collect, as once he had childishly collected shells and butterflies, the famous men and women of his day and to make himself indispensable to them. With Ruskin as his guide he explored some of the great cathedrals of northern France, and with George Bernard Shaw he twice visited Italy in the nineties. He worked for Wilfrid Scawen Blunt and Octavia Hill; he knew Count Leo Tolstoy and Ouida (pseudonym of Marie Louise de la Ramée), the author of novels that won hundreds of thousands of readers; he was the literary executor of Thomas Hardy, the friend of T. E. Lawrence of Arabia and of Charles Doughty of *Arabia Deserta*: it would, in fact, be difficult to name an eminent contemporary of his in the world of art or of literature—except, perhaps, Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde—with whom he did not come into some kind of contact.

In 1908 Cockerell, who by this time had made himself a recognized authority on medieval manuscripts, was appointed Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, a provincial mausoleum that during the twenty-nine years of his administration he transformed from a dreary conglomeration of poorly-displayed objects into one of the finest and best-arranged galleries in all of England. After his retirement in 1937 (he was knighted in 1934), Cockerell settled at Kew on the Thames river a few miles outside London, and his house there soon became a center of pilgrimage for scholars and enthusiasts, young as well as old, for even in his nineties Cockerell remained younger at heart than many men of half his age.

Few biographers have been provided with more abundant material than the author of this splendid work, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt who has been for a number of years the distinguished Curator of the Watts

30 May 1958

21 Kew Gardens Road
Kew, Surrey
England

Dear Mr Mayfield

Mr Jowett has sent me today your
exceedingly gratifying tribute to her sister
Violet, written on 2 May. I am very sorry
that she was not alive to receive it, as it would
have given her very great pleasure.

The publication of the Book of Friends has
led to a great search for friends of a lifetime,
which was published in 1900 and has long been
out of print. My friends have generously
bought copies after advertising the book for
a year in their papers.

I have Lord Wanklyn's 'Other Men's Flowers'
(an anthology of poems that at one time or
another he knew by heart) by me. There is
no poem in it that I read and enjoyed so
often as Ralph Waldo Emerson's 'Song of the Moor'.
I was so lucky as to be a fellow-guest with
him at Siegfried Sassoon's about ten years
ago. I am now bedridden and shall be
91 in July.

Yours sincerely
Sydney Cockerell

A Letter by Sydney Cockerell, 1958

Written with a dip pen in his minuscule script while Sir Sydney was
propped up in bed during an illness when he was ninety-one years of
age. Exact size.

Gallery at Compton, Surrey, England. A Diary with daily entries by Cockerell covers an uninterrupted span of seventy-seven years, and in addition Mr. Blunt has had access to the many thousands of letters that Cockerell systematically preserved and methodically filed. Cockerell, when he appointed Mr. Blunt his literary executor and invited him to write a memoir, urged him to "emphasise, and not suppress" his faults and shortcomings. Certainly the tactics Cockerell employed to extract pictures and money for what he always called "my" museum were often unorthodox and sometimes crude and unexampled. And certainly he hitched his wagon rather blatantly to all attainable stars of the first magnitude. Yet his triumph as Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the invaluable services he rendered to the great who accepted his hero-worship, were the product of selfless devotion to the causes of his adoption.

"Don't try to make me out a great man," Cockerell once said to his future biographer. "I wasn't."

But Wilfrid Blunt has excellently shown that in his way he was.

A Robert Frost Rarity



On 8 October 1946, the late Robert Frost went to Cincinnati, Ohio, under the auspices of the Charles Phelps Taft Memorial Fund of the University of Cincinnati for a speaking engagement.

On the morning of 10 October when he mounted the rostrum of the Rockdale Avenue Temple (founded 1824 by Congregation Bene Israel), Frost delivered an unplanned, unprepared, and unwritten sermon to those present on that occasion.

A taped record was thoughtfully made of this wonderful extemporization, and later Dr. William S. Clark II, Head of the Department of English of the University, and Rev. Dr. Victor E. Reichert, Rabbi Emeritus of the Temple, prepared a text on the basis of this recording. A year later, Dr. Reichert had 500 copies of the text privately printed by The Spiral Press of New York City (owned and operated by that great friend and admirer of Robert Frost and a dedicated typophile par excellence, Joseph Blumenthal) under the title: *A Sermon*. It consisted of sixteen stapled octavo pages and carried a copyright notice in Dr. Reichert's name, dated 1947. Copies were distributed to a few libraries and individuals until—all of a

A SERMON BY Robert Frost

SPOKEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES AT

THE ROCKDALE AVENUE TEMPLE

CINCINNATI · OHIO · THURSDAY

MORNING · OCTOBER · 10 · 1946

A Robert Frost Rarity

Title-page of A Sermon, suppressed by the poet. Only a very few copies were circulated. From the copy in Syracuse University Library.

sudden—Frost requested that the printing be withdrawn from further circulation and suppressed.

In a recent letter to the Editor of *The Courier*, Dr. Reichert supplied the following information: “It is correct that at the time of distribution back in 1947 Robert Frost asked that the sermon he had preached on October 10, 1946 at our Temple be suppressed. This was done. So far as I know, the sermon remains a rarity. However, there are individual copies at certain libraries, and our own University of Cincinnati Library does possess a copy. I am also displaying my own copy at a Robert Frost showing of some of my treasures at the Rare Book Room of the Cincinnati Public Library.”

In Syracuse University Library there is a copy of this Robert Frost rarity in almost pristine condition. On the last page, in an as yet unidentified handwriting, are several corrections in ink.



Camp Ford, C.S.A.

Even though the Confederate States of America lost their War for Southern Independence (1861-5), there seems to be no doubt they are winning the *Centennial* celebration and commemoration of that conflict which has now been raging throughout the country since 12 April 1961.

Contributory evidence of this forthcoming victory is seen in the recent publication of a volume, excellently written and beautifully printed, entitled: *Camp Ford, C.S.A.: The Story of Union Prisoners in Texas*, by F. Lee Lawrence and Robert W. Glover, both authorities on the subject who have devoted several years of research to the preparation of this first complete history of the prison camp at Tyler, Texas, the largest Confederate installation of its kind in the Trans-Mississippi Department. No better account of this dismal but necessary wartime operation could possibly have been written; every important statement is documented and every significant statistic is authenticated. There are thirteen pages of contemporary illustrations and facsimile reproductions. Following the seventy-nine pages of text there are: a calendar of principal events at Camp Ford during the years 1862-5; a splendid bibliography, scholarly arranged; a list of the names of Confederate Commanders and their assigned periods of duty; a list of the names of the U.S. Army units and naval vessels represented by prisoners at Camp Ford, including suspected spies and

one newspaper correspondent; an explanation of the problem of exchange of prisoners of war, and a full index. Eighteen New York Infantry Regiments were represented among the some 6,000 prisoners who lived out their terrible drama in the piney woods of East Texas a hundred years ago.

Camp Ford, C.S.A. was produced in an edition of 550 copies by Carl Hertzog of El Paso, Texas, the well-known typophile, who is oftentimes referred to as the Gutenberg of the Southwest. The attractive format of the book is enhanced by a fine map of Camp Ford and a pictorial frontispiece drawn by the gifted artist José Cisneros. If any copies are now remaining, they may be obtained from the publisher: The Texas Civil War Centennial Advisory Committee, 112 East 18 Street, Austin, Texas. This book is guaranteed to become a collectors' item in less time than it takes to give the Rebel yell.



Lesser Witnesses

By JOHN F. REED

No story of historical change, whether a social upheaval or a mild alteration by time, is complete unless the modern historian consults, if possible, the "little fellow" who actually experienced those moments of change. It is a wise manuscript collector, therefore, who not only collects the shining lights, but who also explores into the shadows where lesser men spoke.

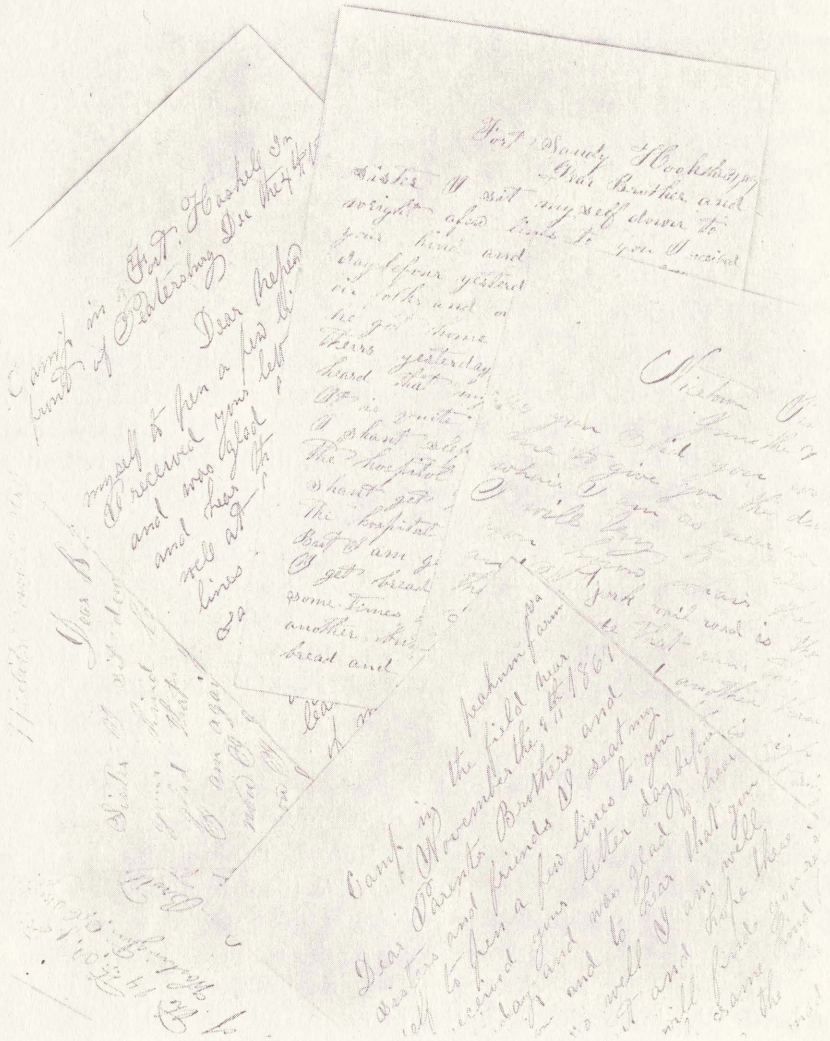
These lesser men, and women, may have been only shadows in the course of history, but they actually saw, felt and experienced the good, the dire, the startling and the beautiful. Fortunately for historians, some of these shadowy humans could write, perhaps not always in elegant prose, but at least with pens that could paint history, often with starker reality than the compositions of the great and famous exhibit.

The great, for political and military reasons, wrote only what they chose to reveal, or history as they would have it remembered. Lesser persons, for the most part, had no such inhibitions, for they actually had their compositions written for them by the events they experienced. They neither saw nor knew the internal workings of history, but they saw and knew many of the results.

It is the soldier, not the general, who depicts the sights and scenes of battle, the interesting minutiae of camp and the real feelings of man under fear and stress; it is the common citizen, not the politician,

A Lesser Witness

Some of the Civil War letters written home by Private James S. Davis, Co. L, 14th Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery. In one Davis tells about being in Washington, D. C. on 14-15 April 1865. A passel of this soldier's correspondence, including his wartime diaries, was found recently in an old Syracuse house being demolished. The letters and diaries are now in The Mayfield Collection at Syracuse University Library.



who explains the effect of history upon a people; it is the home-seeker, not the explorer, who sketches the treks of a nation.

Important and semi-important written relics of the past are far more numerous than the public generally thinks. Even those manuscripts of apparently minor interest may fit somewhere into the chess-board of history.

Unfortunately, the annual, wanton destruction of historical and semi-historical manuscripts is appalling, especially among manuscripts of no great monetary worth, yet still, to the historian, of research value. With the general public, in most instances, when the dollar sign is lacking, the preservation instinct is often also lacking. It is the usually thankless task of the historian and manuscript collector to alert the public to greater care and understanding.

NOTE: These words of wisdom by Mr. Reed were recently published in the Washington, D. C. Sunday Star, and are included here with his and the editor's permissions. Mr. Reed, whose home is in Lafayette Park, King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, is a Vice-President of The Manuscript Society, an international organization of autograph collectors.

A Vanished World



One of my dearest memories is of the Christmas when I was in bed with the measles and unable to go to the family dinner. Mother decided that father and Ethel should go as usual, and she would stay with me. On Christmas Eve, since I could not even hang up my stocking, I snuggled down in bed to enjoy tears of sorrow and went straight to sleep. The sun was shining through frosted windows when I woke up. Mother and Ethel stood near the bed, and on a chair beside it was a little green Christmas tree with the smell of the winter woods still on it. How did it get there? Whose was it?

"It's all for you," Ethel explained. "Stuart and I went to the woods for it yesterday and everything on it is for you."

Mother took the presents off the tree, one at a time, and laid them on the bed so that I could touch them. Aunt Alice's mother had knitted a pair of white wool mittens for me; Aunt Kate had sent a little silk handkerchief with forget-me-nots embroidered in the corners. Ethel bounced the soft red rubber ball she had bought for me. It had stripes of blue and

yellow criss-crossing it like lines of latitude and longitude. It was hard to decide which of all the nice things I liked best until mother laid the last one on the pillow—a blue and gold copy of Sir Walter Scott's poems. A long extract from *The Lady of the Lake* was in our Fifth Reader and I had wanted very much to read the whole poem. Mother had remembered and the book was mine. After a chicken broth and raspberry jelly dinner, I begged mother to start reading the poem to me, but the tree, the presents, the dinner, and possibly the measles were too much, and I fell asleep to the rhythm of "Harp of the North." I like to think of Ethel planning the surprise for me and wading through the snow with Stuart to get the tree. He cut it and carried it; but it was Ethel who directed the enterprise. When the time comes that Christmas can no longer be merry, it is sweet to remember the Christmas days that were.

Here is rich and graceful writing, and there is ever so very much more of the same excellent flavor found in an autobiographical volume recently published by Syracuse University Press under the title: *A Vanished World*. The author is Miss Anne Gertrude Sneller of nearby rural Cicero, Onondaga County, New York, who tips the Fairbanks



Anne Gertrude Sneller

Author of A Vanished World. Photograph by Michael Romeo, Syracuse, New York.

at possibly ninety or ninety-one pounds, has the straight back of a generation not allowed to slouch, a tough, crystal, and sinewy mind, and eighty-one wonderful years behind her.

Miss Sneller was born in 1883 on the farm described in *A Vanished World*, attended the district school in Cicero, and was graduated from Syracuse High School as valedictorian of the Class of 1901. She received a B.A. degree, *summa cum laude*, from Saint Lawrence University in 1906, and began teaching school in Schenectady, New York, the same year. From 1914 until her retirement in 1940, Miss Sneller taught English at North High School in Syracuse. Her qualities as a teacher were recalled by a person recently who was one of her pupils thirty years ago: "Anne Sneller illumined whatever she touched, and she had the Promethean gift of passing some of her fire to her students. She did not *teach*—she awakened hungers, opened eyes, unsealed ears, quickened imaginations. She had a tough and penetrating mind and a vision that saw through subterfuge and sham—forgiving but never condoning, and a grace and gentleness that never belied the steel within."

These same characteristics are present in the book Miss Sneller has written about her land of lost content, not just the small world she knew as a child, but the whole, wide world of the old rural America, a peaceful world of family farms, quiet country roads, and small towns which stretched from New England to the Pacific Coast, from Minnesota to Texas. Her memories of that world, so sparkingly and simply recorded in *A Vanished World*, will ring true to those older readers who themselves remember those times and cherish those by-gone days of deep sincerity and real American life. To the city-pent moderns, the book will bring wondering envy for something they will never experience or know about from personal contact. Miss Sneller's book keeps the readers of the present generation from being altogether the objects of pity or commiseration.

"I know now that we lived in a world of extraordinary beauty," Miss Sneller writes. "The farm tools and machines had a music of their own; the click of hoes in springtime; the swish of a scythe in the deep grass of the fence corners; the sound of a mower travelling across a meadow, and the most beautiful of all, the melody of the reaper at work on the harvest . . . Today people riding by in cars stop to stare at the wheat, cut, threshed, and sacked and taken away only a few steps short of being bread; and the lookers-on exclaim, 'How interesting! How wonderfully efficient!' But no one says any longer, 'How beautiful it is.'"

The building of a barn, the arrangement of farmhouse rooms, the growing of hops and tobacco, the nature of a plank road, the ways of the churches, the village band's annual clambakes, the births and deaths of family and neighbors—all are depicted in the most startling detail, brilliance, and clarity by Miss Sneller's perfect memory and excellent writing. She has indeed evoked the simpler—and by far, the more valuable—way of American life, and Syracuse University Press deserves all sorts of congratulations for having made this work available to the reading public.

Orders for *A Vanished World* should be sent to: Syracuse University Press, Box 87, University Station, Syracuse, New York 13210. If members of Syracuse University Library Associates will so identify themselves on their orders, they will be allowed the discount accorded such members.



Opening a New Book

William Matthews, one of the most famous bookbinders America has produced, in his work entitled *Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered*, relates the following incident:

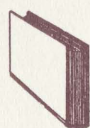
"Many years ago an excellent customer of mine, a connoisseur, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensively bound book just completed, ready to be sent to its owner. Taking the volume in his hands, and holding the leaves tightly together (instead of allowing them full play), he violently opened it in the center, exclaiming: 'How beautifully your bindings open!' I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound."

Even a well-bound book may be easily ruined at the first opening.

Accompanying are illustrations from an old leaflet which used to be placed in copies of new books. The directions are plain and easy and *important*, and are as applicable today as they were a hundred years ago:

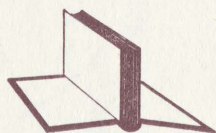
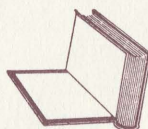
1. Place the book with its back on a table.
2. Let the front cover down.
3. Then the back cover.
4. Then open a few leaves in front.
5. Then a few at the back, alternating front and back,
6. gently pressing them down until the center is reached.

7. Do this two or three times in order to limber up the binding. Should you open the volume roughly or carelessly, you may break the back and cause the leaves to loosen.
8. Never force the back; if it does not readily yield, it is too tightly or strongly lined.
9. It needs gentle treatment, much the same as a machine needs lubricating.



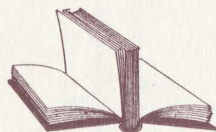
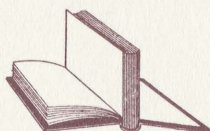
Place the book with its back on a table.

Let the front cover down.



Then the back cover.

Then open a few leaves in front.

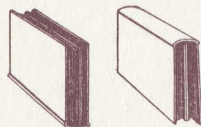


Then a few at the back, alternating front and back,

gently pressing them down until the center is reached.



Do this two or three times in order to limber up the binding. Should you open the volume roughly or carelessly, you may break the back and cause the leaves to loosen.



Never force the back; if it does not readily yield, it is too tightly or strongly lined.

It needs gentle treatment, much the same as a machine needs lubricating.

These instructions were designed to help preserve a book and to prolong its life; they should always be followed when one handles any kind of a new book, whether it is hard cover or paperback.

Mr. J. A. McLaughlin, the bearer
 hereof having been introduced to
 me from the most respectable source
 as a young gentleman of good morals
 and promising talents of his age -
 and having been with me for
 several weeks, I cannot part with
 him without adding ^{my} testimony
 to his good morals, and promising
 talents of his age, and as such
 present him to the attention
 of all good citizens wheresoever
 he may travel. In testimony
 whereof I have made this statement
 at The Hermitage this 11th of
 March 1843 -

Andrew Jackson

Was Ever Another Man Recommended So Highly by Old Hickory?

Reduced reproduction of the unusual letter written and signed by Andrew Jackson at The Hermitage, 11 March 1843, 122 years ago, commending James A. McLaughlin "to the attention of all good citizens wheresoever he may travel." From the papers given to Syracuse University by Misses Frances and Mary E. Ellery, distinguished residents of Washington, D. C.

Sallie and Charles Kohen: Donors De Luxe



Mr. Charles Kohen is that type of genial and generous gentleman from whom one is always expecting the unexpected. His gifts and donations to Syracuse University Library during the past year have been frequent and varied, and the books, manuscripts, letters, documents, campaign memorabilia, sheet music, theatrical photographs and programs, and lots of other things have all been valuable and worthy of careful preservation for students and scholars who are capable of benefiting from such treasures.

If all of the 1964 gifts from Mr. Kohen were unceremoniously laid side by side, they would undoubtedly reach from Syracuse, New York, over hill and down dale, to his busy emporium on Wisconsin Avenue in the Georgetown section of Washington, D. C., where he has reigned as the undisputed authority on rare coins and stamps, autographs and antiques for something like half a century. It has not been possible to predict the *what* and the *when* of Mr. Kohen's presentations, but it has seemed that every time the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books has visited him and his most intelligent and highly regarded wife, Sallie (who knows just as much if not more about their business than does her husband)—even for only a brief social call—there have been materials to fill the Curator's ever-present black bag and be taken back to Syracuse University Library.

Detailed descriptions of these gifts from the Kohens at various times would require an entire issue of *The Courier*, but at present it may be sufficient to mention only and briefly a few of the unique and more outstanding lots which have lately found their way northward from Wisconsin Avenue in Georgetown:

1. 375 original playbills and photographs of American theatrical folk, many signed by the popular actors and actresses of the nineteenth century and early twentieth, which supplement the constantly increasing Theater Collection in the Library.

2. Eighty-four original United States Army documents and memoranda, dated between 1 August 1861 and 30 August 1864, from the files of Capt. P. P. Pitkin, signed, countersigned, and endorsed by high- and low-ranking officers and enlisted men of volunteer regiments from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, at such now familiar places as Belle Plain, Harpers Ferry, Brandy Station, Warrenton Junction, City Point, and Alexandria, Virginia, and Berlin, Knoxville, Sharpsburg, Pleasant Valley, and Frederick, Maryland. There is a total of 627 signatures (red tape was just as red in those

days); and if your Grand Pappy soldiered with one of these regiments during De Wah, it is quite possible that his name or his scratched X-mark appears on some of the papers in this collection of official documents. All the pieces are either addressed to or endorsed by P. P. Pitkin, with the title of his rank. The first document he signed as a Captain on 1 August 1861, and all the remainder which cover a three-year period show that he was never advanced above that rank. He was still a Captain when he put his name to the last document on 30 August 1864. He should have written his Congressman for a promotion.

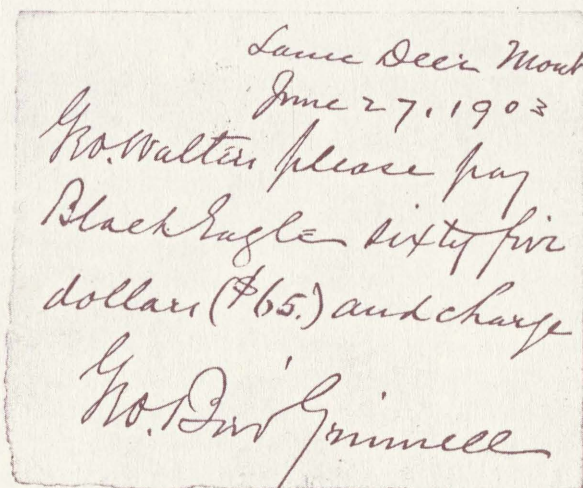
3. Seven notarized affidavits, all dated Albany, New York, 12 September 1865, signed by soldiers of the 100th New York Volunteers, deposing they had not been paid because they had lost their Pay Books. The documents bear the necessary cancelled five-cent U. S. Internal Revenue stamps, subscriptions written by various Albany Notaries Public, and supporting endorsements by officers of the regiment; and they declare that the Pay Books were lost by their owners on such occasions as "the morning of the 3d day of April 1865 while helping put out the fire in Richmond, Virginia", "in action near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 2d day of April 1865", "during the campaign on the march from Hatchers Run, Virginia, to Appomattox Court House, Virginia, on or about the 5th day of April 1865", "on the [particularly historic] ninth day of April 1865 at Appomattox C. H., Va.", etc. With these papers is the original letter to the Pay Master General, U. S. Army, from Jonathan E. Head, Capt., 100th N. Y. V., Commanding Company B, dated "Near Richmond, Va., August 16th 1865", relating that some of his men had lost their Pay Books, and asking "by what means" he should "proceed" to obtain their payments. Also present in this lot is the original Pay Book No. 203, in folded and worn condition, issued to Frank Shrecks of the 192nd Regiment of New York Volunteers, Hart's Island, New York Harbor, 28 February 1865, which shows a balance due him in the amount of \$475. If the *real* Frank Shrecks will please stand up, he may have his Pay Book.

4. Nine original American Revolutionary War documents on watermarked laid paper, dated between 14 December 1780 and 15 January 1781, pertaining to provisions for the prisoners captured from Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne's Fourth Regiment of His Britannic Majesty's Light Dragoons, confined at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, during that terrifically hard winter. Among the signatures which appear on these papers are those of: P. Marsteller, William Bausman,

John Queal, Colonel of the regiment, James Larkins, William Estell, Caesar Black, Robert Kolins, Samuell Suttell and Stephen Littelent. Some signed by making an X-mark. These documents reveal that the captured British officers brought along their own lackeys and private "waiters". Lancaster was the National Capital for one day, when the Continental Congress, red coated out of Philadelphia, met there on 27 September 1777.

5. Sixty-seven original documents, being requests or authorizations to pay various American Indians various sums of money, all dated during the month of June 1903, at Lake Deer, Montana, written and signed by the noted author, naturalist, ethnologist, osteologist, explorer, and student of Indian life, George Bird Grinnell (1849-1938), who was evidently a volunteer worker or just helping out for a while that summer with the United States Indian Service of the federal Department of the Interior. Grinnell, born in Brooklyn, New York, graduated from Yale University (A.B., 1870; Ph.D., 1880; Litt. D., 1921), accompanied General George Armstrong ("Yellow Hair") Custer as naturalist in 1874 on an expedition into the Black Hills of the Territory of Dakota, the direct results of which were the discovery of gold, the influx of miners, and hostilities with the Sioux; and in 1875 he went in the same capacity with Colonel William Ludlow on his reconnaissance to what is now Yellowstone National Park. In 1895 he was appointed by President Stephen Grover Cleveland a Commissioner to treat with the Blackfoot and Fort Belknap Indians for sale of their lands, then made many trips to little-visited parts of the West, and in 1899 signed on as an explorer with the Edward Henry Harriman Expedition to Alaska. From 1876 until 1911, Grinnell was editor of *Forest and Stream* magazine, and became a prominent leader in preservation of wild life and conservation movements and organizations. In 1925 he was awarded the Theodore Roosevelt Gold Medal of Honor for service in the promotion of outdoor life. Grinnell was a close friend of Roosevelt, and was co-editor with him of several books on game hunting brought out by the Boone and Crockett Club. During his administration, President Roosevelt sent Grinnell as his personal representative on a trouble-shooting jaunt to the Indians at the Standing Rock Reservation, and the Great White Father's emissary straightened out the difficulties in short order. Grinnell was a respected authority on the history, legends, and customs of the Plains Indians, and is perhaps best known now for the many books he wrote about them, in addition to a juvenile series which dealt with the Western adventures of a boy from New York in the days of the American bison

and the wild aborigines. (These books, along with those of which he was editor or co-editor, are listed in *Who's Who in America*, Vol. 19, in a sketch over half a column long.) The payees on the little vouchers penned and signed by Grinnell back in the summer of 1903 bear typical Indian names Americanized into: Spotted Hawk, Mrs. Black Chief, Matted Hair, Little Crow, Mrs. Bull Hump, Brown Horse, Red Bird, Mrs. High Bear, Mrs. White Shield, Little Chief, Plenty Crows, Mrs. Little Wolf, Two Moons, Mrs. Red Eagle, Mrs. Rising Fire, and others. All range in amounts from fifty cents to four dollars, except two: Black Bird got twenty-five cents, and Black Eagle received \$65. No reasons show anywhere for these payments, but whatever they were for, it is evident it paid more to be a Black *Eagle* than a Black *Bird*.



Lance Deer Mont
June 27, 1903
Go. Walter please pay
Black Eagle sixty five
dollars (\$65.) and charge
Go. Bird Grinnell

Black Eagle Received \$65

Voucher signed by George Bird Grinnell, the great explorer and Indian authority.

6. Forty-two original autograph letters, petitions, memorials, etc., signed by various important and unimportant members of his constituency from the "Private and Strictly Confidential" file of Blanche

Kelso Bruce (1841-1898), written to him during his tenure as a Republican in the United States Senate from the State of Mississippi, 4 March 1875—3 March 1881. This one senatorial term of six years embraced the one Presidential term of four years of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, 4 March 1877—3 March 1881, and some of the letters here deal with the contest of the electoral returns by the Democratic nominee for President, Samuel Jones Tilden. There are others which severely criticize President Hayes for handing out political drupes to Democrats in Mississippi; "The Republican party of the 2d Congressional District of the State of Mississippi beg leave most respectfully to submit to you, and through you to the President, that gross injustice is being done the Republican party of this State in many of the appointments to office in the said Second District of persons who are not members of the Republican party and in furthering the interests of the Democratic party . . . I intend to write you 3 *times* a day till something is done . . ."; "Mr. Hayes policy of appointing Democrats to office is murderous to the party and cannot build up the Republican party . . ."; "The appointments made so far as I know have not been from the staunch Republicans but from the weak need Republicans that went off after Greeley [in 1872 when the great editor, Horace Greeley, was nominated for President by the Liberal Republican and Democratic parties] . . ." One item of particular interest in this small but valuable collection, certainly worthy of close examination and study, is a letter from a Mississippi politico requesting (indeed, nearly demanding) a very special favor of Senator Bruce and finishing with this sentence: "When you were elected to U. S. Senate no gentleman did more than I did in securing your election for I had the position and influence to do it." On the back of the letter the Senator from Mississippi wrote: "No answer"—which is probably one of the reasons he was not elected to a second term.

7. A collection of forty-two pieces of correspondence concerning the Sanders family, dating back to 1853, being mostly letters to or from Wilbur Fiske Sanders, one of the first two United States Senators from Montana when it was changed from a Territory to a State in November 1889. Born in Cattaraugus County, New York, in 1834, Sanders served in the United States Army during the War for Southern Independence, and then settled in Montana and practised law and engaged in mining and stock raising enterprises. He was an unsuccessful Republican candidate for Delegate to the U. S. Congress in 1864, 1867, 1880, and 1886, but he did manage to be elected to the Terri-

torial House of Representatives during the period 1873-9. He declined the appointment of U. S. Attorney for Montana tendered by the radical Republican President Ulysses Simpson Grant in 1872, and upon admission of the Territory as a State was elected as a Republican to the U. S. Senate, drawing the short term, 1890-3. He was defeated for re-election, and thereafter devoted himself exclusively to backstage local politics and his extensive business interests until his death in Helena, Montana, on 7 July 1905. In this collection are letters to Sanders from Jay Gould, the financier; Sidney Edgerton of Cazenovia, New York, Governor of Montana Territory, 1865-6; Capt. John Mullan (1830-1909), military officer, Indian killer, and pioneer road builder in the Northwest; S. T. Hauser, Helena banker; Major-General Nelson Appleton Miles, Sioux fighter in Montana and captor of Chief Joseph of Nez Percé uprising in 1877; James Fergus, prominent live stock and land owner of Fergus County, Montana; F. C. Deimling, Virginia City, Montana, 1867; Joseph M. Dixon, Missoula newspaper publisher; N. P. Langford, Helena, 1868; John Sherman, U. S. Senator from Ohio, member of the Cabinets of Presidents Hayes and McKinley, Sherman Anti-Trust Law (1890), violated daily nowadays, bears his name, although he had little to do with its preparation; and John Charles Frémont of Savannah, Georgia, military officer and Western explorer, court-martialed for mutiny, one of the first two United States Senators when California became a State in September 1850, unsuccessful as the first Republican candidate for President of the United States in 1856, and Governor of Arizona Territory, 1878-81. When Sanders died in 1905, Mrs. Sanders received a letter of condolence (present in this collection) from Alexander Kelly McClure, well-known Philadelphia journalist and Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a part of which reads as follows: "Of all the many friends I have had in the course of a long and intimate acquaintance with public men, I regard Col. Wilbur F. Sanders as the noblest of them all. He did the bravest and best work in establishing the civilization of the Northwest of any man of his generation; and it was always a source of regret to me that he was not justly appreciated. Too honest and too proud to struggle with mean ambition, he was at times surpassed in the race for public distinction. But I am sure that in the hearts of the people of Montana, no man's memory will be so long and so generously revered."

For these and many more thoughtful generositys, may the names of Sallie and Charles Kohen of Washington, D. C., be long revered in the memory of the people of Syracuse University.



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